

Spencer Compton, VIII Duke of Devonshire, K.G.

CHATSWORTH.

BOOKCASE

SHELF



bought G.S. A.L

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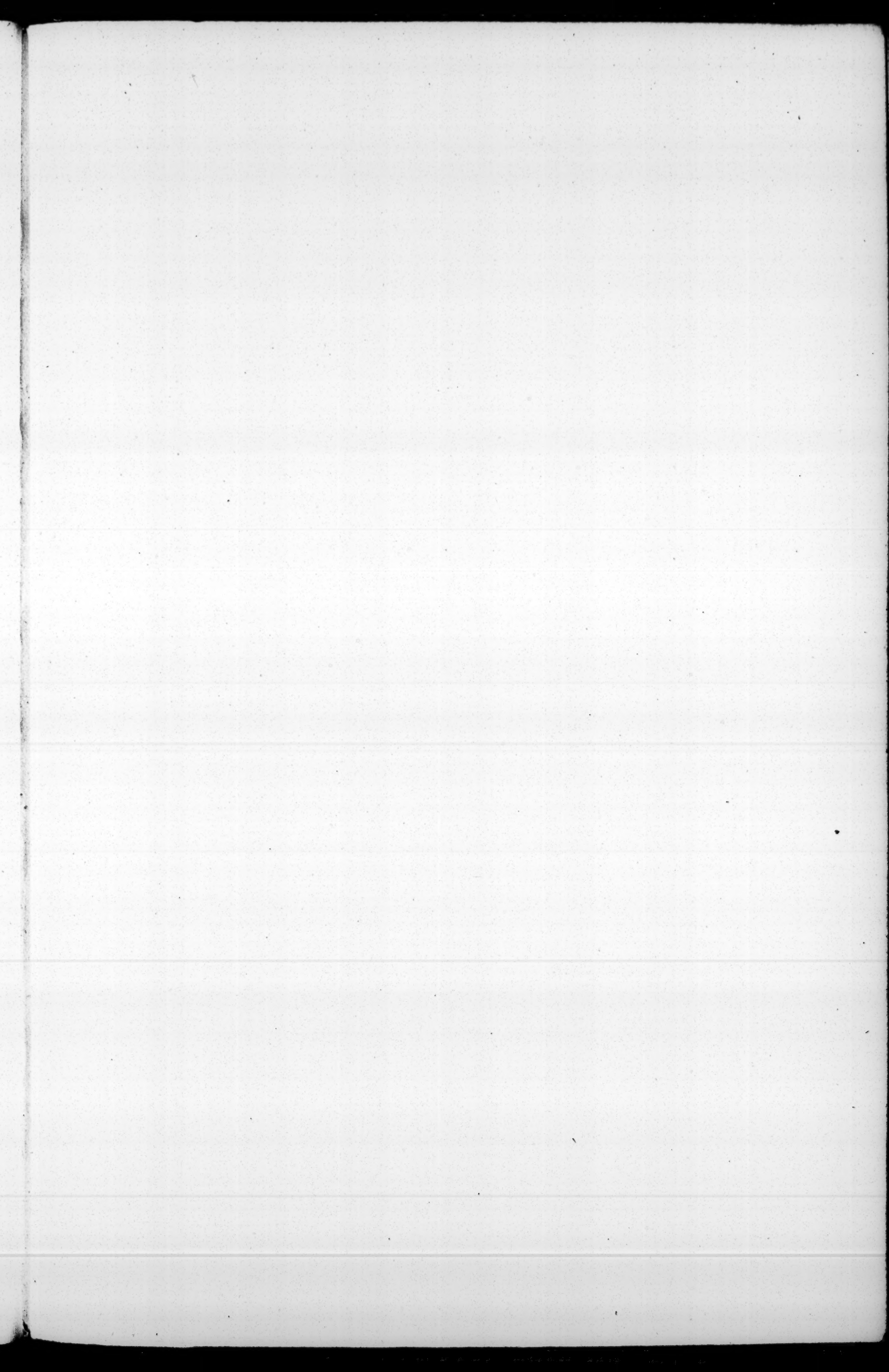
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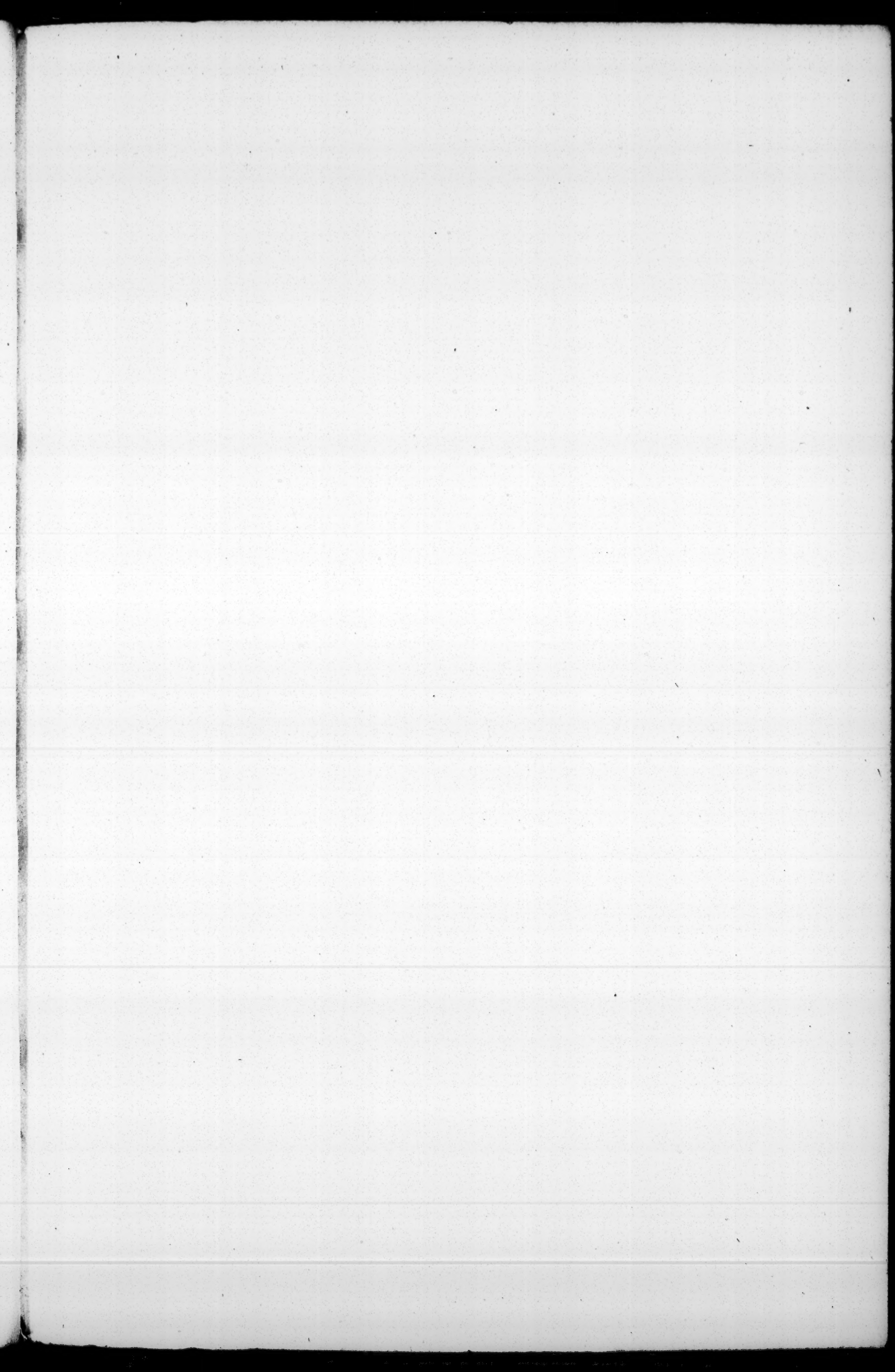
(SD. 41521)

D. M. B.: The only known copy was in the
Harleian Library at its dissolution
but all trace of it has been lost.

Aldus 575

Not in STC







THE
FLYTING

betwixt

MONTGOMERY

and

POLVVART.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by **ANDRO HART. 1621.**



TO THE READER.

NO cankring Envy, Malice, nor Despite,
Stirr'd up these men so eagerly to flyte,
But generous Emulation; so in Playes
Best Actors flyte and raile, and thousand wayes
Delight the itching Eare; So wanton Curres
Wak'd with the gingling of a Courteours spurres,
Barke all the night, and neuer seeke to bite:
Such bravery these Versers mou'd to write.
Would all that now doe flyte would flyte like Those,
And Lawes were made that none durst flyte in Prose;
How calme were then the World: perhaps this Law
Might make some madding Wines to stand in aw,
And not in filthy Prose out-roare their Men:
But read those Roundelayes to them till then.
Flyting no Reason hath, and at this tyme
Heere it not stands by Reason, but by Ryme;
Anger t'asswage, make Melancholy lesse,
This flyting first was wrote, now tholes the Presse.
Who will not rest content with this Epistle,
Let them sit downe and flyte, or stand and whistle.



POLVVART
and
MONTGOMERIES
flytting.

Montgomerie to Polwart.



Polwart ye peip like a Mouſe amongſt thornes,
Na cunning ye keip, *Polwart* ye peip :
Ye looke like a Sheip, and ye had twa hornes,
Polwart ye peip like a Mouſe amongſt thornes.

Beware what thou ſpeiks little foule earth Tade,
With thy Cannigate breiks, beware what thou ſpeiks,
Or there ſalbe wat cheiks, for the laſt that thou made,
Beware what thou ſpeiks, little foule earth Tade.

Foule miſmade mytting, borne in the Merſe,
By word and by wrytting, foule miſmade mytting
Leaue off thy flytting, come kiſſe my Erſe,
Foule miſmade mytting, borne in the Merſe.

And we mell thou ſall yell, little cultroun Cuift,
Thou ſalt tell, euen thy ſell, and we mell thou ſalt yell,
Thy ſmell was ſa fell, and ſtronger than Muift,
And we mell, thou ſall yell, little cultroun Cuift.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Thou art doeand and dridland like ane foule beaft,
Fykand, and fidland, thou art doeand, and dridland,
Strydand, and stridland, like Robin red-brest,
Thou art doeand, and dridland, like ane foule beaft.

Polwarts Reply to Montgomerie.

D Espitefull spider, poore of spreit,
Begins with babling me to blame,
Gowke wyte me not to gar thee greit,
Thy tratling, truiker, I sall tame,
When thou beleevues, to win ane name,
Thou sall be banish'd of all beild,
And syne receiue baith skaith and shame,
And sa beforc'd to leaue the field.

Thy ragged roundels, raveand Royt,
Some short, some lang, some out of lyne,
With scabrous colours, fulsome floyt,
Proceidand from ane pint of wyne,
Quhilk halts for laike of feet like myne,
Yet foole thou thought na shame to write them,
At mens command that laikes ingyne,
Quhilk doytted Dyvours, gart thee dyte them.

But gooked goose, I am right glaide,
Thou art begun, in write to flyte,
Sen Lowne thy language I haue laid,
And put thee to thy pen to wryte:
Now dog, I sall thee sa dispyte,
With pricking put thee to sik speid,
And cause thee (Curre) that warkloome quite,
Syne seik ane hole to hide thy heid.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Yel knaue acknowlege thy offence,
Or I grow crabbed, and sa clair thee,
Aske mercy, make obedience,
In time for feare leist I forfair thee:
Ill spreit I will na langer spair thee,
Blaide bleck thee, to bring in a gyse,
And to drey pennance soone prepare thee,
Synce passe forth as I sall devyse.

First fair threed-bair, with fundred feit,
Recanting thy vnseemely sawes,
In pilgrimage to Allarit,
Synce be content to quite the cause,
And in thy teeth bring me the Tawes,
With becks my bidding to abide,
Whether thou will let belt thy bawes,
Or kisse all cloffes that stands beside.

And of thir twa take thou thy chose,
For thy awin profite I procure thee,
Or with a prick into thy nose,
To stand content, I sa'll conjure thee.
But at this time think I forbair thee,
Because I can not treat thee fairer,
Sit thou this charge, I will assure thee,
The second salbe something fairer.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

FAlse fecklesse foulmart, loe heir a defyance,
Ga sey thy science, doe Droigh what thou dow,
Trottyke to a Tow, Mandrag but myance,
We will heir tydance, peil'd Polwart of thy pow,

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Many yeald yew hast thou cald ouer a know,
Syne hid them in a how, starke theefe when thou staw them,
Menfweiring thou saw them, and made but a mow,
Syne fylde in the Row, when the man came that awe them.

Thy dittay was death, thou dare not deny it,
Thy trumperie was tryed, thy falsset they fand,
Burreau the band, *Cor mundum* thou cryed,
Condemn'd to be dry'd and hung vp fra hand:
While thou pay'd a pand, in that stowre thou did stand,
With a willie wand thy skin was weill scourged,
Syne feinzedly forged, how thou left the land,
Now Sirs I demand, how this Pod can be purged.

Yet wanshapen shit, thou shupe sik a sunzie,
As proud as ye prunzie, your pennes fall be plucked,
Cum kisse where I cuckied, and change me that cunzie,
Your gryfes grunzie is gracelesse and gowked,
Your mouth most be macked, while ye be instructed,
Foule flirdome, wanfucked, terfell of a Taide,
Thy meter mismade, hath loufilie lucked,
I grant thou conducted thy termes in a flaide.

Little angrie Attercop, and auld vnfell Aipe,
Ye grein for to gaipe vpon the gray meir,
Play with thy Peir, or I'll pull thee like a Paipe,
Go ride in a raibe, for this noble new yeir:
I promise thee heir, to thy chafts ill cheir,
Except thou go leir, to lick at the lowder,
With Potingars powder, thy selfe thou ouersneir
The Castell ye weir weill seiled on your shoulder.

This twise sealed trumper, with his tratling he trowes,
Making vaine vowes, to match him with me,
With the print of a key, weill brunt on thy browes
Now God salbe crowes, wherefra come ye

For

Polwart to Montgomery.

For all your bombill, ye'r war'd a little wee:
I thinke for to see you hing by the heilis.
For termes that thou steilis of auld Poetrie,
Now wha fould trow thee, that's past baith the feilis.

Proud poison'd pykthanke, perverse and periured,
I dow not indure it, to be bitten with a duik,
I's fell thee like a Fluik, flatlings on the flure,
Thy scrowes obscure are borrowed fra some buik,
Fra *Lindsay* thou tuik, thou'rt *Chaucers* Cuik,
Ay lying like a Ruik, gif men wald not skar thee:
But beast I debar thee, the Kings Chimney nuik,
Thou flees for a looke, but I shall ride nar thee.

False strydand stickdirt, I's gar thee stinke,
How durst thou mint, with thy Master to mell,
On sik as thy sell, little prating pink
Could thou not wair ink, thy tratling to tell,
Hoy hurson to hell, amang the fiends fell,
To drinke of that well, that poison'd thy pen,
Where divels in their den, dois yammer and yell,
Heir I thee expell from all Christian men.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

BLeird babling bystour, baird obey
Learne skybald knaue to knaw thy sell,
Vile vagabond, or I in voy,
Custroun with cusses thee to compell:
Yet, tratling truiker, truth to tell,
Stoup thou not at the second charge,
Mischieuous mishant, we fall mell
With laidly language, loud and large.

Polwart to Montgomerie

Where Lowne as thou loues thy life,
I baith command, and counsell thee,
For to eschew this sturtsome strife,
And with thy manlie Master gree,
To this effect, I summond thee
By publick Proclamation,
Gowke to compeir vpon thy knee,
And kisse my foull foundation.

But Lord I laugh to see thee bluter,
Gloir in thy ragments, rash to raill.
With mighty manked, magled meiter,
Tratland, and tumbland, top ouer taill,
As Carlings compts their farts doyl'd snail,
Thy roustie rattrymes, made but mater.
I could weill follow, wald I seail,
Or preasse to fish within thy water.

Onely because Owle thou dois vse it,
I will write verse of common kind,
And Swingeour for thy sake, refuse it,
To crabe thee bumbler, by thy mind,
Pedler, I pittie thee sa pin'd,
To buckell him thar beares the bell,
Iackstro be better, anes ingyn'd,
Or I fall flyte against my sell.

But breiffie, beist, to answere thee,
In sermon short, I am content,
And sayes thy similitudes, vnslie,
Are nawayes, very pertinent,
Thy tyr'd comparifons a sklent,
Are monstrous, like the Mule that made them,
Thy borrowed barkings violent,
Yet were they worse, let men out war them,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Also I may be *Chaucers* man,
And yet thy Master, not the lesse:
But wolfe that wastes on Cup and Kan,
In Gluttony, thy grace I guesse;
Ga drunken Dyvour, thee addresse,
And borrow thee, ambassed breiks,
To heare me now, thy praise expresse,
Knaue gif thou can, without wat cheiks.

First of thy just Genealogie,
Tyke I fall tell, the trueth I trow,
Thou was begotten, some sayes me,
Betwixt the Diuell and a dun Kow,
Ane night when that the fiend was fow,
At banket birland at the beir,
Thou sowked syne, ane sweit brod sow.
Amang the middings, many a yeir.

On ruites and runches, in the field,
With nolt, thou nourish'd was a yeir,
Whill that thou past baith poore and peild,
Into Argyle, some lair to leir,
As the last night, did weill appeir,
When thou stood fidgeing at the fyre,
Fast fykand, with thy Heiland cheir,
My flyting forc'd thee sa to flyre.

Into the Land, where thou was borne,
I read of noght but it was skant,
Of Cattell, Cleithing, and of Corne,
Where wealth, and weifair baith doth want;
Now Tade face, take this for na tant,
I heare your housing is right fair,
Where howling howlets, ay doth hant,
With Robin red-brest, but repair.

The Lords and Lairds within that Land,
I knaw are men of meikill rent,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

And liuing as I vnderstand,
Quhilk in ane Innes, we be content
To leiu and let their house in Lent:
In Lentron month, and the lang Sommer,
Where twelue Knights kitchins hath a vent
Quhilk for to furnish dois them cumber.

For store of Lambs, and lang-tail'd wedders
Thou knawes where many couples gaes
For stealing tyed fast in tedders,
In fellon flockes of anes and twaes,
Abroad athort your bankes and braes,
Ye do abound in Coale and Calke,
And thinkes like fooks to fley all faes,
With Targets, tulzies and toome talke.

Alace poore hood-pikes, hunger-bitten
Accustom'd with scurrilitie:
Rydand like boystures, all beshitten
In fields, without fertilitie:
Bare, barren, with sterilitie,
For fault of cattell, corne and gerse,
Your banquets of most nobilitie,
Deare of the Dog brawne in the Merse.

Witleffe vanter, were thou wise,
Custroun thou wald, *Cor mundum* cry,
Ou'r-laiden lowne, with lang-tail'd lyce,
Thy doytit dytings soone deny,
Trouker, or I thy trumperie try
And make a legend of thy life:
For flyte I anes, folke will cry fy,
Then thou'll be war'd with euery wife.

Polwart

Polwarts Medicine to Mont- gomerie being sicke.

SIr Swingeour seeing I want wares,
And salues to flake thee of thy faires,
This present from the Pothebares,
Me think meet to amend thee.

First for thy feuer feid on folly,
With fasting stomack take oyld-oly,
Mixt with a mouthfull of Melancholy,
From fleame for to defend thee.

Syne passe ane space, and smell a flowre,
Thy inward parts to purge and scowre,
Tak thee three bites of an black howre,
And Ruebarb, bache and bitter.

This duely done but any din,
Sup syne sex sops, but something thin,
Of the Diuell scald thy guts within,
To heale thee of thy skitter.

Vnto thy bed, syne make thee bown,
Take ane sweit Syrop worth a Crowne,
And drink it with the Diuell ga downe
To recreat thy spreit.

And last of all, craig in a Cord,
Send for a powder and pay for'd,
Call'd the vengeance of the Lord,
For thy mug mouth most meit.

Gif this preferue thee not fra paine,
Passe to the Pothingars againe,
Some recipies does yet remaine,
To heale bruik, byle, or blister.

Montgomerie to Polwart.

As *diadragma* when ye dine,
Or *diabolicon* wat in wine,
With powder, I drait fellon fine,
And mair yet when ye mifter.

Montgomeries answer to Polwart.

Vyle venemous viper, wanthriftiest of things,
Half an Elf, half an Aip, of Nature denyit,
Thou flait with a countrey, the quhilk was the Kings,
But that bargan vnbeast, deare sall thou buy it,
The cuff is weill waired, that twa hame brings,
This Proverb foull Pelt, to thee is applyit,
First Spider of spyte, thou spewes out springs,
Yet wanshapen woubet, of the weirds invyit,
I can tell thee, how, when, where, and quha gat thee.

The quhilk was neither man nor wife,
Nor humane creature on life,
Thou stinkand steirar vp of strife,
False howlat haue at thee.

In the hinder end of haruest, on Alhallow euen,
When our good neighbours dois ryde, gif I read right;
Some buckled on a buneward, and some on a been,
Ay trottand in troupes, from the twylight,
Some sa leand a shoe Aipe, all graithed into green,
Some hobland on ane hem; stalk, hoveand to the hight,
The King of Pharie, and his court, with the Elfe Queene,
With many Elrich Incubus, was rydand that night,
There an Elf on ane Aipe, ane vnfell begat,
Into ane pot, by Pomathorne,
That bratchart, in ane busse was borne,
They fand ane monster on the morne,
War fac'd nor a Cat.

The weird sisters wandring, as they were wont then,
Saw Reaveis rugand, at that ratton, be a Ron ruit,
They mused at the Mandrake, vnmade like a man,
A Beast bund with a bonevand, in an old buit,
How that gaist had bein gotten, to gesse they began,
Weill swyl'd in a Swynes skin, and sineirit ouer with suit,
The belly that it first bair, full bitterly they ban,
Of this mismade Mowdewart, mischief they muit,
That cruiked, cam schoche, croyll, vncristned they curse.
They bade that baiche sould not be but
The glengoir, gravell, and the gut,
And all the plagues that first were put
Into *Pandoraes* purse.

The cogh, and the connogh, the col'ick, and the cald,
The cords, and the cout-euill, the clasps and the cleiks,
The hunger, the hart-ill, and the hoist stil thec hald,
The botch, and the barbles, with the Cannigare breiks,
With bockblood, and beanshaw, speven sprung in the spald,
The fersie, the falling-euill, that fells many freiks,
Ouerane all with Angleberries as thou growes ald,
The kinkhoist, the Charbuckle, and wormes in the cheiks,
The snuffand the snoir the chaudpeece, and the chanker,
With the blaidis and the belly thraw,
The bleiring bats, and the beanschaw,
With the mischief of the melt and maw,
The clape and the canker.

The frencie, the fluxes, the fyk, and the felt,
The feavers, the fearcie, with the speinzie flees,
The doyt, and the dismall, indifferently delt,
The powlings, the pallsay, with pocks like pees,
The swerf, and the sweiting, with sounding to swelt,
The weame-ill, the wild-fire, the vomit, and the vees,

Montgomeryes answer to Polwart.

The mair, and the migrame, with meathes in the melt,
The warbles, and the wood-worme, whereof dogs dies,
The teasick, the tooth-aike, the tittes and the tittles.

The painfull poplesie and pest,
The rot, the roup, and the auld rest,
With parles and plurisies opprest,
And nip'd with the nittles.

Woe worth (quoth the weirds) the wights that thee wrought
Threed-bare be their thrift, as thou art wanthreivin,
Als hard be their handfell, that helps thee to ought,
The rotten rim of thy womb with Rookes salbe reivin,
All bounds where thou bides, to baill salbe brought,
Thy Gall, and thy Guisserne, to Glaiids fall be giuen,
Ay short be thy solace, with shame be thou sought,
In hell mot thou haunt thee, and hide thee fra Heavin,
And ay as thou auld growes, swa eikand be thy anger.

To live with limmers, and outlawes,
With hurcheons, catand hips and hawes,
But when thou comes, where the Cock crawes,
Tary there na langer.

Shame and sorrow on her snout, that suffers thee to sowke,
Or shoe that cares for thy cradill could be her cast,
Or brings any bedding, for thy blae bowke,
Or louses off thy lingals, sa lang as they may last,
Or offers thee any thing, all the lang owke,
Or first refresheth thee with food, howbeit thou sould fast,
Or when thy duddes are bedirten, that giues them ane dowk,
All groomes when thou greits, at thy ganting be agast,
Als froward be thy fortune, as foule is thy forme.

First seven yeirs, be thou dumb, and deiff,
And after that a common theiff,
Thus art thou marked for mischeiff,
Foule vnworthy worme.

Out-

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Outrow'd be thy tongue, yet tratling all times,
Ay the langer that thou liues, thy lucke be the lesse,
All countries where thou comes, accuse thee of crimes,
And false be thy fingers, but leath to confesse,
Ay raving, and rageing, in rude rat rymes,
All ill be thou vseand, and ay in excesse,
Ilk Moone be thou mad, fra past be the primes,
Still plagu'd with povertie, thy pryde to oppresse.
With warwolfes, and wild Cats, thy weird be to wander,
 Draglit throw dirtie dubs and dykes,
 Toussled and tuggled, with town Tykes,
 Say lousie lyar what thou lykes,
 Thy tongue is na sclander.

Fra the sisters had seene, the shape of that shir
Little luck be thy lot, there where thou lyes,
Thy fowmard face, quoth the first, to flyt salbe fit,
Nicneuen quoth the next, fall nourish thee twyse,
To ryd Post to Elphin, nane abler nor it,
To driue dogs but to dryt, the third can devyse,
All thy dayes fall thou be, of ane body but a bit,
Als such is this sentence, as sharp is thy syse,
Syne duely they deem'd, what death it sould die:
 The first said, surely of a shot,
 The second of a running knot,
 The third be throwing of the throt,
 Like a tyke ouer ane tree.

When the weird sisters, had thus voted all in ane voyce,
The deid of the dablet, and syn they withdrew,
To let it ly all allaine, they thocht it littill losse,
In a den be a dyke, or the day dew:
Than a cleir company, came foone after cloffe,
Nicneuen with her nymphes, in number anew,
With charmes from Caitnes, and Chanrie of Rosse,

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Whose cunning consists in casting of a Clew,
They seeing this fairie thing, said to them self,
This thriftles thing is meit for vs,
And for our craft commodious,
Ane vglie Ape, and Incubus,
Gotten with an Elf.

Thir venerable Virgins, whom the world call witches,
In the time of their triumph, tirr'd me the Taide,
Some backward raid on brodfowes, & some on black bitches,
Some in steid of a staig, ouer a stark Monk straid,
Fra the how to the hight, some hobles, some hatches,
With their mouthes to the Moone, inurgeons they maid,
Some be force in effect, the foure windes fetches,
And nyne times wither shins, about the thorne raid,
Some glowring to the ground, some grievously gaipes.
Be craft conjure and fiends perforce
Furth of a Cairne, beside a croce,
Thir Ladies lighted fra their horse,
And band them with raipes.

Syne bare-foot, and bare-leg'd to baptize that bairne,
Till a water they went, be a wood side,
They fand the shit, all beshitten in the awin shearne,
On three headed *Hecatus*, to heir them they cryde,
As we haue found in the field, this findling for fairne,
First his faith he forsakes in thee to confyde,
Be vertue of thir words, and this raw yearne,
And whill this thrise thretty knots, on this blew threed byd,
And of thir mens members, weill sow'd to a shoe,
Whilks we haue tane, fra top to tae,
Euen of ane hundreth men and mae,
Now grant vs goddesse or we gae,
Our dueties to doe.

Be the hight of the hevins, and be the hownesse of hell,

Be

Montgomerie to Polwart.

Be the windes and the weirds, and the Charlewaine,
Be the hornes, the handstaff and the kings ell,
Be the thunder, be fyreflaughts, be drouth and be raine,
Be the Poles and the Planets, and the Signes all twell,
Be the mirknes of the Moone, let mirknes remaine,
Be the Elements all, that our crafts can compell,
Be the fiends infernall, and the furies in paine,
Gar all the Gaiſts of the deid, that dwels there downe,
In *Lethe* and *Styx* thae ſtinkand ſtrands,
And *Pluto* that your Court commands,
Receiue this howlat aff our hands,
In name of *Mahowne*.

That this worme in our worke, ſome wonders may wirk,
And through the poyſon of this Pod, our pratiques prevaill,
To cut aff our cumber, fra comming to the Kirk,
For the half of our help, and hes it heir haill,
Let neuer this vndoght, of ill doing irk,
But ay blyth to begin, all barret and baill,
Of all blis let it be, als bair as the birk,
That titteſt the taidrell may tell ane ill taill,
Let no vice in this warld, in this wanthrift be wanted.
Be they had ſaid, the fireſlaughts flew,
Baith thunder, raine, and winds blew,
Wherebe their conning, conmers knew
Their asking was granted.

When thae Dames devoutely had done their devore,
In heaving this hurcheon, they haſted them hame,
Of that matter to make, remained no more,
Sauing nixt how thae Nunnes, that working ſould name,
They kow'd all the kytrall, the face of it before,
And nipp'd it ſa doones neir to ſee it was ſhame,
They call'd it peil'd *Polwart*, they pull'd it ſo ſore,
Where we clip, quoth the conmers, there needs na kame,
For we haue heght to *Mahoun* for handſell this hair,
They made it like ane ſcraped ſwyne,

And

Montgomerie to Polwart.

And as they Cow'd, they made it whryne,
It shav'd the self, ay on sensyne
The beard of it sa bair.

Fra the Kummings that Crab, had with *Pluto* contracted,
They promiseit as parents, syne for their own part,
A mover of mischief, and they might for to make it,
As ane Imp of all ill, maist apt for their Art,
Nicnener as nurish, to teach it, gart take it,
To sail sure in a seiff, but compasse or Cairt,
And milk of ane hairi tedder, thocht wiues sould be wrackit,
And the Kow gif a chopin, was wont to giue a quart,
Many babes, and bairnes, fall blisse thy bair banes,
When they haue neither milk nor meill,
Compell'd for hunger for to steill,
Than fall they giue thee to the Deill,
Able ofter nor anes.

Be ane after midnight, their office was ended,
At that tyd, was na tyme, for troumpers to tary,
Syne backward on horseback, brauely they bended,
That cammosed Cocatrice, they quite with them cary,
To *Kait* of *Creif* in ane creill soone they gar'd send it,
Where seuin yeir it sat, baith singed and sarie,
The kin of it be the cry, incontinent kend it,
Syne fetch't food for to feid it, furth fra the Pharie,
Ilk Elf of them all brought an almous house Oster.
Indeid it was a dainty dish,
A foull flegmatick fousome fish,
In steid of sauce, on it they pish,
Sik food, feed sik a foster.

Syne fra the fathers side, finely had fed it,
Many monkes and marmasits, came with the mother,
Black botch fall the breist, and the bellie that bred it.

Montgomerie to Rohmart.

Ay offered they that vndoght, fra ane to another,
Where that smatched had fowked, sa fair it was to shed it,
But belyue it beganne, to buckie the brother,
In the barke of ane bourtree, whylome they bed it.
All talking with their tongues, the ane to the other,
With flirting, and flyring, their Physnome they fype.

Some luikand lyce, in the crowne of it keeks,
Some choppes the kiddes into heir cheeks,
Some in their oxster hard it cleeks,
Like an auld bag-pipe.

With muddyones, and murgeons, and mouing the braine,
They lay it, they lift it, they louse it, they lace it,
They graip it, they grip it. It greets and they grane,
They bed it, they baw it, they bind it, they brace it,
It skittered, and skarred, they skir'd ilk ane,

All the Ky in the countrey they skarred, and chaced,
That roaring, they wood-ran, and routed in a reane,
The wild deere fra their den, their din hes displaced,
The cry was sa ouglie, of Elfes. Aipes and Owles,

That geise and gaisling, cryes and craikes,
In dubs douks down, Duikes and draikes,
All beasts for feir, the fields forsakes,
And the towne Tykes yowles.

Sik a mirthlesse Musick thir menstralls did make,
Whill Ky kest caprels, behind with their heeles,
I ittill tent to their time, the Toone leit them take,
But ay rammeist redwood, and ravel'd in their reeles,
Then the cummers that ye ken came all with a clak,
To conjure that coidyoch, with clewes in their creeles,
Whill all the bounds them about, grew blaikned and black,
For the din of thir daiblets, rais'd all the deils,
To concurre in the cause they were come sa far,

For they their god-bairne gifts wald giue,
To teach the child, to steale and reiuue.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

And ay the langer that it liue,
The world sould be the war.

*Polwarts third flytting against
Montgomerie.*

INfernall frawart, feaming furies fell,
Curst, canker'd, crabed (*Clotho*) help to quell,
Yon *Caribald*, yone catiue execrabil,
Provyde my pen profoundly to distell,
Some dure despite, to daunt yon deuill of hell,
And dryve with doole, to death detestabil,
This mad malicious monster miserabil,
Anetyke tormented, trotting out of toone,
That rymes red wood at ilk middes of the Moone.

Renew your roaring rage, and eager Ire,
Inflam'd with fearefull thundring, thuddes of fyre,
To plague this poyson'd pykthank, pestilent,
With flying fyreflaughts, burning bright and shyre,
Devoir yon devilish dragon, I desire,
And waste his wearied venome violent,
Conjure this beastly begger impotent,
Suppress all power of this euill spirit,
That bydes and barks in him als black as Ieir.

But reekie Rookes and Ravens or yee ryue him,
Desist, delay his death, whill I descriue him,
Syne rypely to his raving rude reply,
To dreadfull dolour, dearfly or ye dryve him,
Throw *Plutoes* power, pleasure to depryue him,
The Lown may lick his vomit, and deny
His shameles sawes, like Sathans slavish smy.
Whose maners, with his mismade members heir,
Doe correspond, as plainly doth appeir.

Polwart to Montgomerie.

His peilled pallat, and vnpleasant pow,
The fulsome flocks of flies dois ouerflow,
With wames and wounds all blaikned full of blaines,
Out ouer the neck, athort his nitty now,
Ilke louse lyes linkand, lyke a large lint bow,
That hurts his harnes, and pearse them to his paines,
Whill wit and vertue vanish'd fra the vaines,
With scarts and scores, athort his frozen front,
In rankels run within the stewes all brunt.

His lugs baith lang and leane, wha can but lacke,
That to the Tron hes tane so many a tacke,
With blasted bowels, bowden with bruised blude,
And hapning haires, blaw in widther suns aback,
Foot foundred beasts, for fault of food, full weake,
Hes not their hair sa inod as other good,
The bleared Bucke and boystrous to conclude,
Hes right trim teeth somewhat set in a thraw,
Ane topped turde, right teughly for to taw.

With laidly lips, and lynning side turn'd out,
His nose weill lit in *Bacchus* blood about,
His stinking end, corrupted as men knawes,
Contagious cankers, carues his snafing snout,
His shaven shoulders, shawes the markes no dout,
Of teugh tarledders, tyres and other tawes,
And girds of Galeyes growand now in gawes,
Swa all his fousome forme thereto effeirs,
The quhilk for filth, I will not fyle your eirs.

The second part of *Polwarts* third flytting.

B Vt of his conditions to carp for a whyle,
And compt you his qualities, compast with cair,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Appardon me Poets, to alter my stile,
And wiffle my verse, for fying the air,
Returning directly again to *Argyle*,
Where last that I left him, baith barefoot and bair,
Where rightly I reckoned, his race very vyle,
Discending of Devils, as I did declair,

But quhilk of the Gods, will guide me wright :

Abhorring, so abhominable,
Sa doolefull, and detestable,
Sa knauish, canker'd, execrable,
And waried a wight.

In *Argyle* amang Gaits, he gead within glennes,
Ay there vsing offices, of a bruit beast,
Whill blisseffe was banish'd, for handling of hennes,
Syne forward to *Flanders*, fast fled or he ceast,
From poore anes the pultrie, he plucked be the pennes,
Delighting in theft, the heart of his brest,
And courage inclin'd, to knauerie men kennes,
To pestilent purposes plainly he preast,

But truely to tell all the trueth vnto you.

In nowayes was he wyse,
He vfed both Cairts and Dyce,
And fled no kind of vyce,
Or few as I trow.

He was ane false Schismatick, notoriousslie named,
Both whoredome, and homicide, vsell he vfed,
With all the seuen finnes, the smatched was shamed,
Pride, Ire, and envy, this vndoght abused,
For greedy covetousnes, bitterly blamed
For bawdrie, and bordelling, lucklesse he loued,
Thrift, drynes, and drunkennes, the dyvour defamed,
Ealse, fenzeit, with flyting, and flattery infused,
Maist sinfull, and sensuall, shame to reherse,
Whose feckles foolishnes,

And!

Polwart to Montgomerie.

And beaſtly bruklenes,
Can no man as I geſſe,
Weill put into verſe.

Ane warloch, ane warwolfe, ane woubet but hair,
Ane deill and a Dragon, ane deid Dromadarie,
Ane counterfoot cuſtoun, that clarks dois not cair
Ane clavering cohooby, that cracks of the Pharie,
Whoſe favourles Phiſnome, doth dewly declair,
His vices, and viciousnes, althogh I wald varie,
Arcandam's Aſtrology, ane lanterne of lair,
Affirmes his beardnes, to wiſdome contrary,
Betaikning, baith babling and beldnes of age,
Great fraud, and foull deceit,
Cappit, with quyer conceit,
Witnes ſome verſe he wreit,
Half daſt in a rage.

His Anagrame alſo, concerning that caſe,
Sayes ſurely, it's a ſigne of a lecherous Lowne,
His palenes next partly, with brown in the face,
Arcandam aſcriues, to babling ay bowne,
And tratling intemperat, tymeles, but placo,
A cowart yet cholerick, and drunke in ilk town,
And als his aſſe eares, they ſigne in ſhort ſpace,
The frantick fool ſhall grow mad like *Mabine*,
But yet ſhall he liue long, whilk alas were a loſſe.

For ſik a tryed traitour,
And babling blaſphematur,
Was neuer form'd of Nature,
Sa gooked a Goole.

Whoſe origine noble, the note of his name
Ca'd Etimologie, beirs rightly record,
His ſurname doth flow, fra twa termes of diffame,
From *Mont* and *Gomora*, where divels be the Lord,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

His kinsmen was cleinly cast out to his shame,
That is of their clan, whom Christ hath abhor'd,
And beiris of the birth place, their horrible name,
Where *Sodomite* sinners, with stinking were smor'd.

Now sen all is suith that's said of this smy,

Vnto that capped Clark,
And pretty piece of wark,
That bitterly doth bark,
I may this reply.

*Polwarts last flytting against
Montgomerie.*

VYle villaine vaine, and war nor I haue tauld thee,
Thy withered wame, is damnified and dry'd,
Beshitten boystour, baldly I forba thee,
To mell with me, or els thou sould deare buy it,
Thy speach but purpose, sporer is espyed,
That wrytes of witches, warlocks, wraiths, and wratches,
But Invectiues against him well defyed,
Rob Stevinthou raues, forgetting whom thou matches,

Leaue boggles, brownies, Gyre-carlings, and Gaisles,
Dastard-thou daffes, that with such devilrie mels,
Thy peil'd preambles ouer prolixly lasts,
Thy reasons favors of reek and nothing els,
Thy sentences, of suit sa sweetly smels,
Thou sat sa neir the chimney nuik that made them,
Fast be the Ingle, amang the Oyster shels,
Dreidand my danger, durst not weill debate them.

Thy tratling, Truiker, wald gar Taides spew,
And Carle Cats, weep vinegar with their eine,
Thou said I borrowed, blad's that is noght trew,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

The contrary fals smatched falbe scene,
I neuer had of that making ye meine
A verse in write, in print, or yet perqueir,
Quhilk I can proue, and cleane me wonder cleine,
Thogh single words no writer can forbeir.

To proue my speeches probable, and plaine,
Thou must confesse, thou vsed my invention,
I reckoned first thy race, syne thou againe,
In that same sort, made of thy Maister mention,
Thy wit is weake, with me to haue dissention,
For to my speech thou neuer made reply,
At liberty to lie is thy intention,
I answer ay, quhilk thou can not deny.

Thy friends are fiends, of Apes thou fenzies mine,
With my assistance, saying all thou can,
I count sik kinred, better yet nor thine,
Chieflly of beasts, that most resemble man,
Grant gif that my invention wars thine then,
Without the whilk, thou might haue barked waist
I laid the ground, whereon thou best began,
To big the brig, whereof thou brags maist.

Thy lack of Iudgment, may be als perceaued,
Thir twa chief points of reason wants in thee,
Thou attributes to Aipes, where thou hes reaved,
The ills of horse, ane monstrous sight to see.
Na marvell thogh ill won, ill waired be,
For all these ills, thou staw I am right certain,
From *Semples* dytements, of ane horse did die,
Of *Porterfields*, that dwelt into *Dumbarton*.

Amang the ills of Aipes, that thou hes tauld,
Thogh to ane horse, pertaining properly,
Thou puts the spaven, in the forder spauld,
That vses in the hinder hough to be,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Fra horsmen anes thy cunning heare and see,
I feare auld *Allane* get na nair adoe,
A llace poore man he may lye down and die,
Synce thou's succeed to weare the siluer shoe.

Farder thou flies with other fowles wings,
Ouer-cled with cleirer colours than thy awin,
But specially with some of *Samples* things,
Or for an plucked goose, thou had been knawin,
Or like ane Cran, in mounting soon o'rethrowen,
That must take ay, nyn steps before shoe flye,
So in the gout, thou might haue stand & blowen,
As long as thou lay gravelled, like to die.

I speak not of thy vitious divisions,
Where thou pronounces, & yet propones but part
Incumbred with sa many tryed confusions
Quhilk shawes thy rime but rhetorick or art,
Thy memory is short, be shrew thy hart,
Telling ane thing ouer twyse or thryse at anes,
And can not from ane proper place depart,
Except I were to frig thee with whin stanes.

The things I said gif that thou wald deny,
Meaning to wry the verity with wyles,
Lick where I laid, and pickle of that pye,
Thy knavery, credence fra thee quite exyles,
Thy feckles folly, all the air defyles,
I find sa many faults, ilk ane ouer vther,
First I must tell thee all thy stately styles,
And syne bequeath thee to thy birken brother.

Fond flytter, shit shyter, bacon bytter, all defyl'd,
Blunt bleitar, paddock pricker, puddin eiter, perverse,
Hen plucker, closet mucker, house cucker, very vyld,
Tauny cheeks, I think thou speiks, with thy breeks, foul erse,
Wood-

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Woodtyk, hoodpyk, ay like, to liue in lacke,
Flowre the pin, scabbed skin, eat it in, that thou spake.

Gume gade, bald skade, foull fa'd, why flait thou foole,
Steill Yow, fill tow, thou dow, not defend thee,
Quha kend, thy end, false fiend, phantastick mule,
Thief smy, they wald cry, fy fy, to gar end thee,
Sweir fow, doyl'd kow, ay fow, foull fall thy banes,
Very wyld, defyl'd, ay woodwyld, ilk moneth anes.

Tary tade, thou's defate; now debate, if thou dow,
Hush padle, lick ladle, shyte sadle, do thy best,
Creishie fouter, shoe cloutter, minch moutter, dar thou mow,
Ragged railer, sheep stealer, double dealer, thou's be drest.
Fals preif, leane theif, mischeif, fall thy hippes,
Blaird beard, thy reward, is prepar'd, for thy hippes.

Erse slaiker, gle, ' glaiker, roome raiker, for releif,
Lunatick, frenatick, schismatick, Swingeour sob,
Turd fac'd, ay chaf'd, almaist, fyld for a theif,
Misly kyt, and thou flyt, Ile dryt in thy gob,
Tait mow, wilde fow, soone bow, or I wand thee,
Hell ruik, with thy buik, leaue the nuik, I command thee.

Land lowper, light skowper, ragged rowper, like a Raven,
Ha'land shaker, draught raiker, bannock-baiker, all beshitten
Craig in perill, toom the barrel, quyt the quarrel, or be shaven
Rude ratler, common tratler, poore pratler, out flitten,
Hell spark, scabbed Clark, and thou bark, I fall belt thee,
Skade scald, ouerbald, soone fald, or I melt thee.

Lowfie lugs, leape jugs, toome the mugs, on the midding,
Tanny flank, redshank, pykthank, I must pay thee,
Spew bleck, widdie neck, come and beck, at my bidding,
False Lowne, make thee bowne, *Mahowne*, mon haue thee,
Rank ruittour, scurlie whittour, and Iuitour, nane fower,

Polwart to Montgomerie.

Decrest, opprest, posselt, with *Plutoes* power.

Capped knaue, proud flaue, yeraue, ay vnrocked,
Whiles flaverand, whiles taverand, whiles waverād, with wine
Greedy gouked, poor & pluked, il instructed, ye's be knoked,
Gley'd gangrell, auld mangrell, to the hangrell, and sa pyne,
Calumniatour, blasphematour, vyle creature vntrew,
Thy cheiping, and peiping, with weiping, thou salt rew.

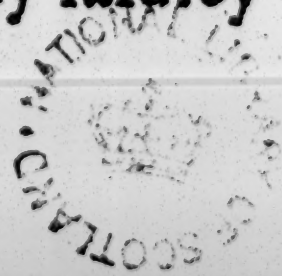
Mad manter, vain vaunter, ay haunter in flauery,
Pudding pricker, bang the bicker, nane quicker, in knavery,
Kailly lips, kisse my hips, into grips, thou's behind,
Baill brewer, poison spewer, mony trewer, hes bein bind,
Swyne keiper, land leiper, tuird steiper, from the drouth,
Leane limmer, steale gimmer, I fall skimmer in thy mouth.

Fley'd foole, mad mule, die with doole, on ane aike,
Knaue kend, Christ fend, ill end, on thee now
Pudding wright, out of sight, thou's be durt, like a draike,
Iock blunt, thrawi n frunt, kisse the cunt, or the Kow,
Purse peiller, hen steiller, Cat killer, now I quell thee.
Rubiatour, fornicatour, by nature, foull befall thee.

Tyk stickar, poyson'd Viccar, pot lickar, I mon pay thee,
Fear'd flyar, loud lyar, gooked gleyar, on the gallows,
Iock blunt, deid runt, I fall dunt, whill I slay thee,
Buttrie bag, fill knag, thou will rag, with thy fellows,
Tyr'd clatterer, skin batterer, and flatterer of friends,
Vyld widdered, misordered, confedered with fiends.

Blind brock, loose dock, bor'd block, banish'd townes,
Alace, theifes face, na grace, for that grunzie,
Beld bislet, marmiffed, lansprezed, to the lownes,
Deid dring, dry'd sting, thou will hing, but a sunzie,
Lick butter, throat cutter, fish gutter, fill the fetter,
Come bleitand, and greitand, fast eitand, thy laidley letter,

FINIS.



This is the Best Edition of
this poem.

no^l all Gools Book printed by
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